

The Decemberists, Angel, Won't You Call Me?

Angel, won't you call me?
Could I be the only
though I am a lost cause,
Angel, won't you call me?

Waiting for a sweet breeze,
read it in the tea-leaves
Saw them crown you May Queen
Heard you sing the sweetest thing

But I been so unbridled
I fled at the face of my rival
when I felt his breath
at the back of my neck
Angel, won't you call me?

So here I am in corduroys
Catch it in your Polaroid
Thought it was an off night,
caught in such a warm light

So Angel, won't you call me?
Could I be the only
though I am a lost cause
Angel, won't you call me?

'Cause I been so unbridled
I fled at the face of my rival
when I felt his breath
at the back of my neck
Angel, won't you call me?